

# HOW A MAN PROPOSES.

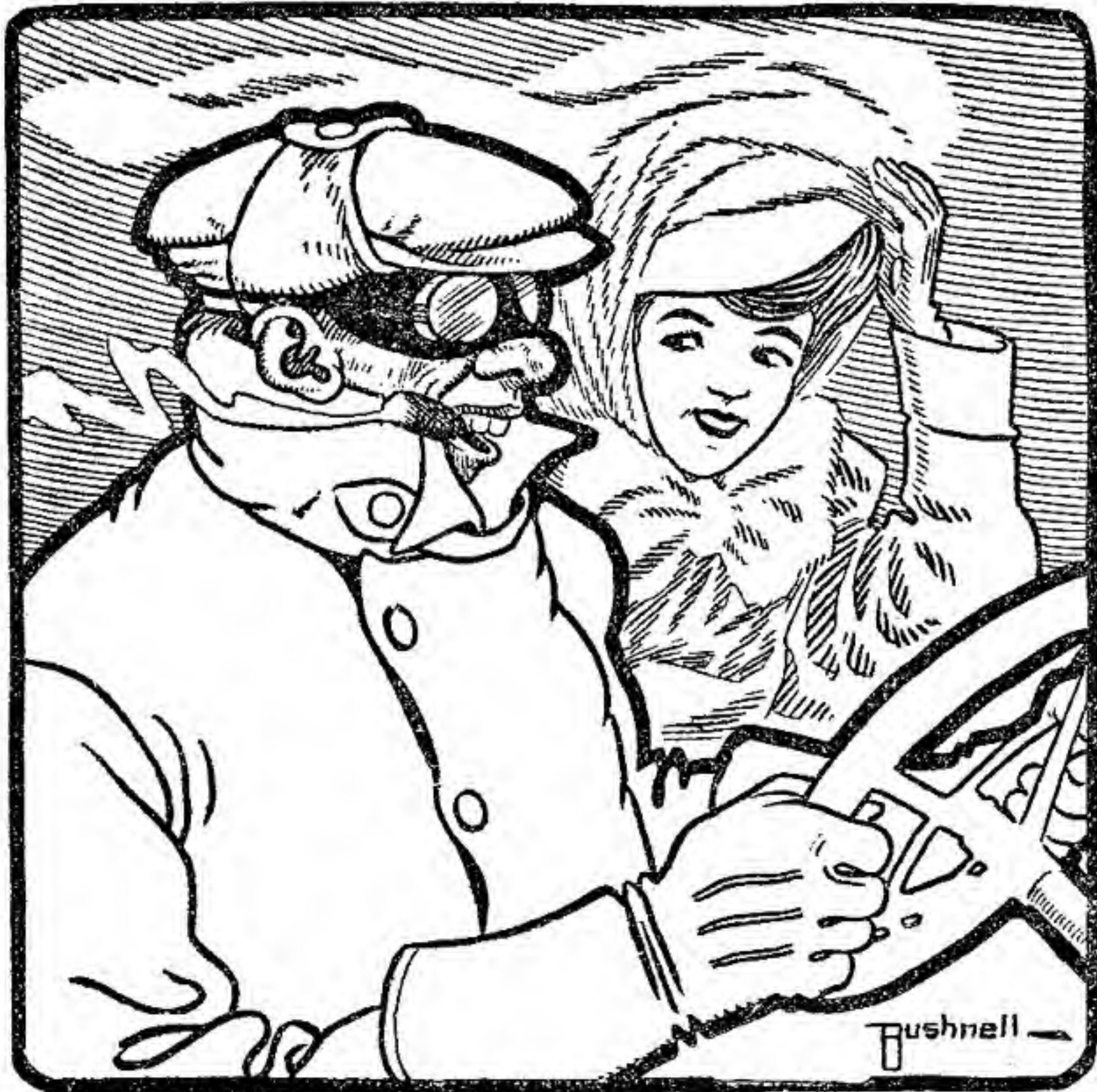


IN NEW YORK.

He: I cleaned up \$3,000,000 in Wall-st today.

She: Well, then, I'll marry you, but I do hate to leave the stage.

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IN PITTSBURG.

He: Are you game?

She: You just bet I am.

He: Double dare you to marry me!

She: It's a go!

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IN ST. LOUIS.

"Here, boy! Deliver this note in a hurry, and wait for an answer."



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IN MILWAUKEE.

He: I spik id from my heart ovid, Rosie; I vould haf you for better der same as vorse, hant in hant down der footpath of life.

She: Ach du lieber, Owgoost; you haf guessed id!

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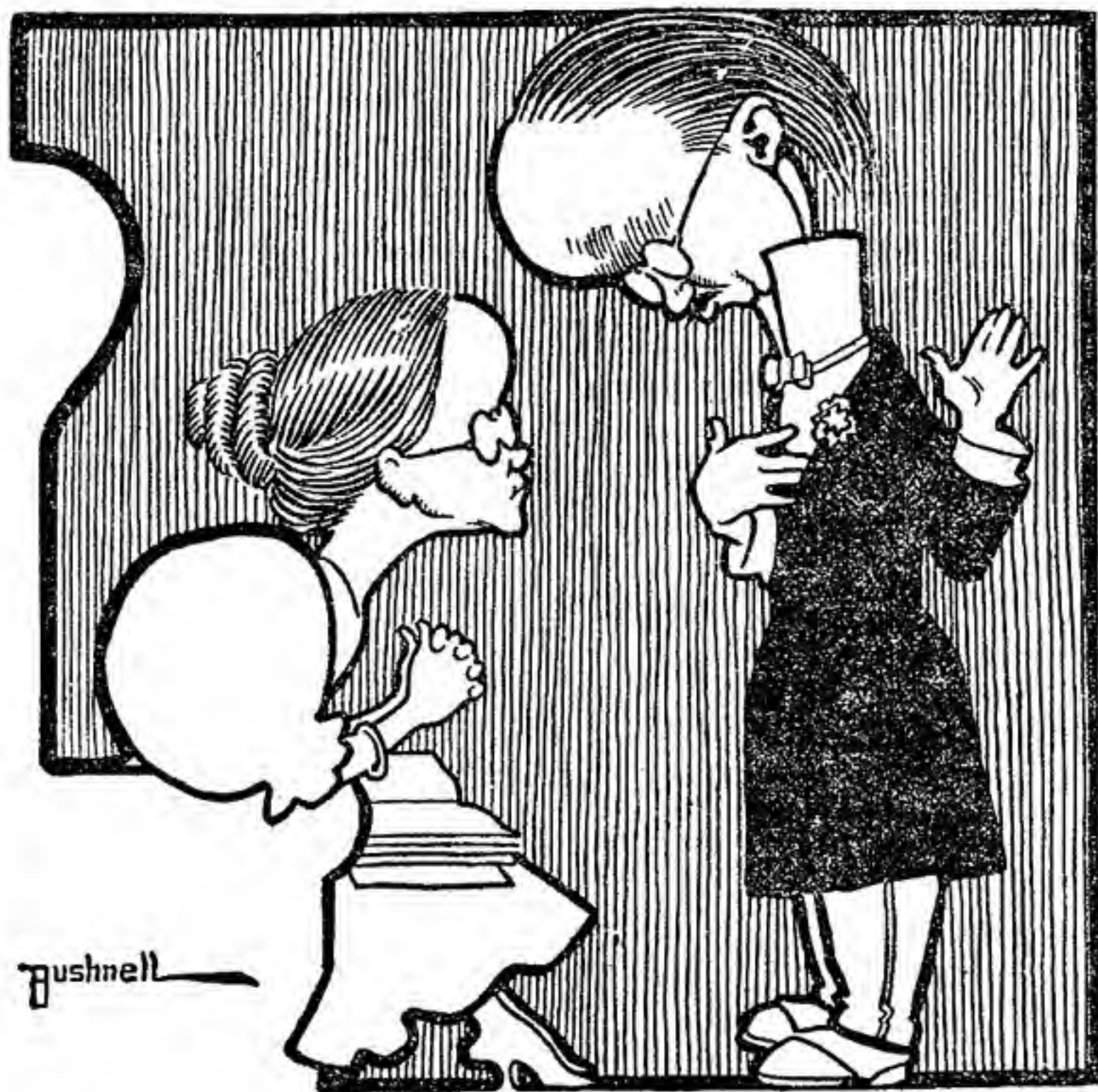
## IN SKAGUAY.

He: Tell to moi, your Jean, so Ah be sure know, dat you be ma femme.  
Th? Ah loove you so mooch, petite. Mak' nice home, ev'ing for you.  
Ans'air! You hear? Ver' queeck!

She: Ai-hai, certain, mon pauvre. Bon!



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IN BOSTON.

He: I am desirous, Parthenia, of interrogating you upon a serious subject that has preponderated in my ruminations during the moments that my mentality has not been concentrated upon philosophical problems—one which I hesitate to intrude upon your consideration in such an extemporaneous manner; yet, I trust, you will presume a trace of primeval impulse at fault for precipitating the rather unconventional confession which I am about to make, as it were, with—

She: Say no more, Waldo. I perceive the purport of your importunation.

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IN CHICAGO.

He: Say, have I married you yet?

She: No, I believe not.

He: Well, hurry. My time's valuable.